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CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER PAGE
First	10	100	1000
Second	8	80	800
Third	6	60	600
Fourth	4	40	400
Fifth	3	30	300
Sixth	2	20	200
Seventh	1	10	100
Eighth	1	10	100
Ninth	1	10	100
Tenth	1	10	100

THE GIRL OF BLUE.

Was there ever a story without a sequel? Hardly ever—that is to say, very seldom. Readers of the *Argus* will possibly remember seeing in this paper, some months since, an account of the mishap of a beautiful young lady who unfortunately fell a victim to the then famous tattoo craze. She was, as the story goes, engaged to be married to a young man who seemed in every way the soul of truth, and so great was the confidence she reposed in him that she determined to

SHOW HER LOVE.

By having his name tattooed on her person with India ink. She planned it as an agreeable surprise, and often pictured to herself her lover's astonishment and gratification when (after marriage, of course) he should accidentally discover what she had done. Accordingly, with the assistance of an old woman who understood the art, the young girl, to make the story short, had her lover's full name tattooed on her leg just above the knee. She further ornamented her shapely limbs with a pair of indecipherable garters, and serenely awaited the time when George should find out how entirely she was devoted to him. Alas! for the poor girl, that time came not, for the perfidious George forsook her and married another. To say that she was intensely

MORTIFIED AND ASHAMED.

Of her romantic foolishness, would be drawing it exceedingly mild. She was frantic and for a long time inconsolable. Finally, seeing that the affair had by some means come to the knowledge of the newspaper men, and fearing that her name would become known, although innumerable pledges of secrecy had been given, the lady left the city, ostensibly on a visit, but really to take up her permanent residence elsewhere. Before she left, however, she tried every way to get rid of the now hated name, but without success. It clung to her closer than the shirt of Nessus. Now this young lady (we will call her Sarah, mainly because it isn't her name) is, as we have said, a beauty—

HER FIGURE IS PERFECTION.

Her face combines the tints of the lily and the rose; she has a beautiful hand and arm, and her feet are models of beauty, while her every movement is grace itself. Therefore in her new home she did not long lack admirers. One day, while crossing a very muddy street, she was compelled to expose her ankles. A gentleman who happened to be passing caught a glimpse of the ravishing pedals, and was so struck with their symmetry that he followed her, at a respectful distance, until he found where she resided, and then straightway began to cast about for an introduction. This he accomplished through the efforts of a gentleman friend, who was acquainted with her. One night John—that's a good name for him—was taken to the home of the lady, as per arrangement, and introduced. Sarah, with pardonable vanity, had attired herself in a bewitching costume, which showed her superb figure to advantage, while it did not trench on the domains of immodesty. Her rounded arms, bare nearly to her shoulder; her white neck, her golden hair, her sweet expression of her face, all combined to complete the conquest already half made by the sight of her pretty feet. So what could the poor fellow do but what he did? Before he left the house he became satisfied that she was the

ONE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

For him, and thereafter proceeded to lay siege to her heart. Sarah, on her part, was much prepossessed with her new admirer, and (as the reader is aware) having a spice of romance in her composition, felt a little tender toward him the very first night. Matters went on smoothly, and she became conscious of the fact that she loved John. He had already given her to understand that he loved her, in more ways than one, and she awaited the time when he should propose. If any thought of her former lover crossed her mind, it was speedily dismissed. She was so deeply in love that she would not allow that disagreeable episode to disturb her. Finally, the auspicious day (or rather night) came, and John asked her to be his wife. She, after the customary hesitation, said she would, and then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her all the sweet names he could think of, and was sorry because he couldn't think of some more, and she—well, she stood up to it like a little Trojan and

GAVE HIM KISS FOR KISS.

And sometimes more, but not if he could help it. She was so happy she didn't know what else to do, and he was hog enough to take a million kisses if he had time. John stayed that night until the old folks began to think about firing him out. After

his departure, Sarah went up stairs

and sat down to review the situation while she dozed off for the night. One garment after another fell to the floor. Suddenly she gave a little scream. Had she seen some one peeping in the window? No. Was there a burglar under the bed? No. Why, then, this alarm? From beneath the folds of her only remaining garment peeped

THE COMELY LIME.

That bore the name of George, and the hideous blue circle of letters seemed to glare at her in the light. For the first time she realized her position. She was the promised wife of a man she loved, and who, she knew, would insist on a short engagement. After they were married—what? Could he fail to discover the fatal evidence of her folly? What, oh! what should she do? She was in distress—in fact, knee deep—and knew not what to do. She could not give John up, nor could she go to him and say—"Dear John, I love you, but I have another man's name tattooed on my—" No, no! She couldn't do that. She went to bed, but not to sleep. All night that blue hand seemed to stare her in the face, and she arose in the morning pale and careworn. Like a sensible girl, however, she went to her motherly old aunt and told her the whole story. The old lady simply advised her to "trust in Providence," and this Sarah resolved to do, hoping for the best. Time rolled on, and

THE WEDDING DAY.

Drew near. John was all devotion, and so was Sarah, for that matter. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony which prevailed. The trousseau was made, the wedding tour planned, and the "vows," as John said, "was ready for the bird." One bright morning the wedding bells rang merrily, and John and Sarah stood before the altar and took each other for better or worse. The young bride allowed nothing to trouble her that morning and she looked as sweet as a peach, while John was all but a blooming idiot, so happy was he. Off they went on their tour, from which they did not return for some weeks. All thoughts of that terrible mark had not passed from Sarah's mind, but she was confident and as happy as a big sun flower. She had taken to early rising since her marriage, and the morning air seemed to add to her beauty. As much as we dislike to intrude upon the privacy of a lady's apartments—especially such a one as our heroine, circumstances compel us to do so, in order that we may give a faithful record of events. One morning Sarah overslept herself, and awoke—horror of horrors!—to find John

STANDING BY HER BEDSIDE.

Gazing intently at her, with a curious look upon his face. "There well could the scene be described as 'twas portrayed to us; but since this cannot be, those who read this story must draw upon their imagination for details. Suffice it, then, that the bride of six weeks lay there a living illustration of beauty unadorned. Her night dress had become disarranged, leaving exposed a portion of the—limb upon which the hideous blue circle appeared. Upon this was the gaze of the husband concentrated. Paralyzed by fear and shame, the poor girl lay in a half-stupor, dreading, yet longing, to hear him speak. At last—and oh! how long the time seemed—he said, as he pointed to the disfigured limb: "SARAH, WHAT IS THIS?"

"OH, JOHN, HE SAID, STARTING UP

and covering the hated mark with her gown, "I can't tell you—how could you look at me in that manner!"

"How!—humpf! Are you not my wife? Do you not think a man has the right—"

"Oh, yes, but—"

"But what?"

Then she sought a woman's refuge—tears.

John sat down on the bed by her side. "Now, Sarah," said he, "tell me what that thing on your leg means!" Almost heart-broken, Sarah, with many a sob and burning blush, related the whole story, withholding nothing. When she had finished, her husband, without a word, arose, put aside the arm which she had thrown about his neck, and left the room. What he would do she knew not. She had almost lost the power to reason. After awhile she went down to breakfast. John was not present at the meal, nor did she see him again that day, nor, in fact, for two weeks. What the poor girl suffered during that time can scarcely be imagined. She bore her punishment as best she could, until one day there was a ring at the door, and who should it be but John, who coolly went up to his wife's apartments, which he entered without ceremony. There was a shriek of

"OH! JOHN, IS IT YOU?"

And all that sort of thing, including

some vigorous hugging and kissing.

and when the excitement had subsided the truant husband took his wife on his knee and said:

"Darling, you might have known that I couldn't stay away from you. I only went to punish you a little for your imprudence. I don't care if you have another fellow's name pricked on your leg, so long as you do not let any one see it, and I am sure you will not do that. I knew all about it before we were married. Your aunt, fearing that trouble might come of it, told me the whole story. Had I been of a very jealous temperament you would not now be sitting on my knee."

"You are the dearest, best, sweetest old boy in the world," cried the now happy wife, emphasizing her words with kisses and embraces. "And I might have spared—but no matter—ain't you a darling?"

Of course John assented to this proposition, and the re-united couple devoted the remainder of that day, at least, to billing and cooing, just as though they had not been married yet.

If the reader wishes to know where we obtained this accurate and detailed information, he is referred to John and Sarah themselves. We quote John's closing remarks to us:

"I don't care what you say, so long as you don't give names and locations. It was only a piece of foolishness on her part, which might have resulted worse. What I have told you may be published, but no names."—[Louisville Sunday Argus.]

The Scandalous Manners.

A terrible calamity falls upon a family—the ruin of a daughter, the crushing of a girl's whole life; the bringing of another being in this world to carry through life a stigma upon its birth; the affliction and mortification of the whole family; a calamity which might soften the most cruel heart to pity, and might be expected to touch the sympathies of all the good neighbors. All possible means are taken to hide the disgrace from the world. What could be gained by spreading the shame? Months pass by; the unobserved removal of the ruined girl to a distant home, and the merciful disposal of the child, seems to have taken away the danger of exposure; the lapse of time without this exposure has in some degree mitigated the mortification.

A discharged servant girl takes revenge by telling the tale. Months after the event a newspaper gets a vague hold of it, serves it up as fresh, and spreads it before the public with fanciful embellishments calculated to feed prurience, and making a pitiful affectation of decency by withholding names while designating the neighborhood and otherwise pointing curiosity. A rival newspaper, to make up for being a day behind, gives initials of the names, and adds other fanciful embellishments. The shame of a ruined girl, and the distress of her family are made a prurient sensation to sell a newspaper. What a trade for able bodied men to follow for a living! And this is a country where so much land lies untillied, and where common labor fetches \$1.50 per day! Women, mothers, pious women, women that call themselves society women, that are busy-bodies in church, that think themselves pious; that would be insulted at an intimation that they are not pure-minded, or that they are lacking in sympathy for their kind, read the papers that make merchandise of the terrible affliction of their neighbors, gloat over these gloating narrations; have a sensation of exaltation at this calamity to their own kind, patronize these panders to their own cruel and corrupt natures, make themselves accessory to this invasion of the sacred privacy of the family to its calamity a profit of the trade of scandal-mongering, and are not a whit better than the pandering trade who supplies the ware which their natures demand.—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

On a fair and full vote New York is a Democratic State. This was demonstrated in 1876, when Tilden, in a contest that was admitted on all sides to have been conducted with rare honesty, and on a vote that was unprecedentedly large, beat Hayes by a majority of about 33,000. The new census shows that this majority ought to be increased at the coming election. The advance in population since 1876 has mainly been in those portions of the State which for years past, on a test of strength between parties, have invariably gone Democratic. Therefore with harmony in the Democratic councils, and a reasonable amount of forbearance, common sense and hard work, New York can give Hancock and English a majority of 40,000 in November.—[New York Sun.]

The Feminine Foot.

There is no doubt that the foot plays a most important part in social life; often yields an influence over its destiny. We are speaking now strictly of the feminine foot, upon which so much time, labor and expense are lavished. In dancing it becomes vocal and expresses a whole language of sentiment used to emphasize emotion; it gesticulates with startling force, and a lover who hesitates to announce his devotion can be brought to an immediate glimpse of a dainty foot, encased in pink, silk-embroidered hose, and Mignon slippers, thrust distractingly forward:

"Her pretty feet, like milk did creep
A little out, and then
As if they played at the deep,
Did soon draw in again."

A story is recorded of a courtier who drank his lady-love's health in the shoe he had stolen from her, and at this day it is a practice with the young bloods, who ape the manners of the French regime, to have the foot of their favorite cast in marble or bronze and use it for a paper weight.

There are no people in the world so exacting in the matter of feet as actresses, and it is largely true of them that their feet are not born, but made. As a rule, they do not naturally have patrician feet, but they have artists for shoe makers, and by dint of pinching and compressing, wearing patent heel and toe-bands, having the heel placed under the middle of the foot, and the length of the uppers shortened by stitching lines and other devices, a small, symmetrical foot is secured. It happens, however, with some of our best actresses, that they can only stand the pain without fainting during a single scene, when their stage-dresser removes the shoe and restores outraged nature. So much can be done by delusion that a No. 5 boot will not appear larger than a No. 2 behind the foot-lights. The doctors who treat spinal and brain diseases can tell the rest of the story.

Camp Meeting Incident.

A clergyman, on his way home from Deering Camp Meeting, was detailing some incidents of camp life. Among others was one of an old couple who had supplied themselves with a bottle of pennyroyal oil, with which to keep off the mosquitoes. They extinguished their light and retired, forgetting the antidote. The mosquitoes were very bad, and after standing it as long as they could, the old lady got up, and getting a well-filled ink-bottle instead of the oil, gave the old gentleman a thorough lubricating with the liquid, face, hands and feet; she then anointed herself in like manner. They again assayed to court the drowsy god, but could only get an occasional nap. Finally the old lady got up and struck a light. Giving a glance at the bed she had just left, she beheld to her horror a colored "puson," as she supposed, stretched in the place of her spouse. She quietly got the poker and nearly beat the old fellow's brains out before discovering her mistake. Later on in the night we discovered the old couple to be on board the train with us, he with his head nearly as big as a ball of hay, and she caring for him with the greatest solicitude.

THE BRIDE—I KNOW OF NO SIGHT

more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in that tenderness of years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belong to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health to love, honor and obey till death us do part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth—"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—[Irving.]

A charming widow of Stillwater owns a nice boy, and a man from St. Paul wants to be appointed a deputy father to him. While the St. Paul man was strolling down street the other day with the boy he asked—"Bub, does your mother bang her hair?" And that boy answered: "Oh, no; but you just ought to see her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know every thing when he told pap to prepare to die. Prepare! Why, he was aching to die!" She's still a widow.

Apocryphal of the hot weather of last week, the C.-J. made the following addition to primer literature: Is it cold? Nah; it is not cold. Is it warm? Nah; it is not warm. What is it, then? It is hot. It is very hot? Yes; it is d-d hot. Do you swear? Oh, yes; I do swear. Why do you swear? Because it is so d-d hot. It is hot enough to raise blisters on the back of a salamander.

PHILADELPHIA has the largest number of churches of any of the large cities in the United States—434. New York comes next with 354, Brooklyn follows with 240, and all other cities have less than 200 each. Boston has one church to 1,450 inhabitants, New York one to 2,500, Buffalo one to 1,675, Cleveland one to 1,450, Cincinnati one to 1,600, and Providence has one to 1,300.

The Mormons are working on their new temple. It is now twenty years since it was commenced, and \$4,000,000 has already been expended. The building is being constructed of Utah granite, and when finished will be the largest church edifice in America. It will require \$28,000,000 to complete the temple.

A FATAL SERMON.

was questioning his Sunday School concerning the history of Eutychus, the young man who listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down was taken up dead. "What," he asked, "do we learn from this solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt, "Please sk, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

It is Gen. Hancock who says that "the bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen." That tells the story. The regular army will not be called upon to interfere with the citizen's right to deposit his ballot, nor parade the streets of Washington to prevent their will, as expressed through their votes, from being carried into execution.—[Pittsburg Post.]

"I tell you, gentlemen, that if Gen. Hancock's life is spared he is destined to be one of the most distinguished men of the age. When I go down in the morning to open my mail, I declare I do it with fear and trembling lest I may hear that Hancock has either been killed or wounded."—[Aur. Lincoln.]

Champion of the Rings.

The Independent Republicans of the Nineteenth Congressional district of Ohio, at a meeting held on Sept. 7, 1876, when Mr. Garfield was a candidate for re-election for Congress, adopted the following among other resolutions:

Resolved, That there is no other man, to-day officially connected with the administration of the National Government, against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly made, and abundantly sustained, against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this Congressional district, and the nominee of the Republican Convention for re-election.

This is the gentleman whom the great party of purity and political virtue has nominated for President, a man who, since he first entered Congress, says another resolution adopted at the same time, has arrayed himself against the interests of the people, and who in every case "has been the ready champion of the rings and monopolies."—[Chicago News, Ind. Rep.]

Recent observations upon the habits

of the woodpecker have shown the curious fact that the sounds made by striking its bill against trees constitute a performance taking the place of song in other birds, and have no connection with its quest for food. It carefully selects the spots as partially decayed trunks from which the most sonorous sounds may be produced, and frequents the same place day after day. This is probably the only case among the feathered tribes in which vocal is replaced with instrumental music.

The papers tell us a hundred ladies

are present in the court room during the trial of the murderer Arnold. If he's convicted, no doubt they'll entwine his road from jail to the gallows with rarest roses. When it comes to allowing sentiment and look to make idiots of people, women evidently take the cake.—[Louisville Argus.]

There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a young man who has been married about a year, as to have to go to a store where there is a girl clerk that he used to keep company with, and inquire for those large size safety-pins.

It is reported in the mountain counties, and some people believe it, that Gov. Blackburn is a member of the Regulators' organization. Letters are read at their meetings purporting to be from the Governor endorsing their actions.

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HOTELS.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

—I HAVE—

REFURNISHED AND REFITTED

This Hotel is a thorough summer, and now prepared to accommodate all who may patronize us.

IN A FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

GIVE ME A TRIAL; IT IS ALL I ASK.

MEALS, 40 CTS.

J. T. HARRIS.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL.

STANFORD KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22d, 1878

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations A-1 for

Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

MYERS HOTEL.

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to the Comfort of its Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations for Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Library is attached.

Pope says that beauty draws with a

single hair. It doesn't nowadays. When a beauty gets so bald-headed that she has but one hair left, she doesn't draw much.

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JOHN H. CRAIG,

—WITH—

SHIPLEY, CRANE & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES

Nos. 98 and 100 West Pearl Street,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

MURRAY SHIPLEY,
HENRY L. CRANE,
WILLIAM SHIPLEY.

JOS. SEVERANCE.

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SEVERANCE & DUDDERAR.

We will be found during 1880 at the same old stand, better prepared than ever to furnish our patrons with all kinds of

Dry Goods, Notions,

Furnishing Goods,

Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps, Trunks,

Valises, Carpets, &c.

At Lowest Prices.

Thanking those who have stood by us so generously in the past, we promise to merit, by fair dealing in honest goods, even a greater share of patronage than ever.

SEVERANCE & DUDDERAR.

WHEAT DRILLS

THE "FARMERS' FRIEND"

Is the best; puts the wheat in the ground and does not skip; has all the latest improvements; has been thoroughly tested. Call and examine sample. I also handle during the seeding season a suitable

FERTILIZER FOR WHEAT!

Bought in car-load lots to insure Low Prices. The season is also near at hand for

CANE MILLS, CIDER MILLS, &c.,

All of which I will sell at the Lowest possible Prices. I desire to call special attention to the

MAYFIELD WATER ELEVATOR.

There is no Pump equal to them; no stagnant water, no freezing up, no priming to start

JOHN SHERMAN blew his first blast in the campaign at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on Monday night last. His speech was the old one about the great service the Republican party has rendered the country, in general, and of his own almighty services in making reclamation a success, in particular. He was interrupted during his speech by a man, who hal-

lowed, "Now tell us something about Arthur, why you kicked him out of the Custom House at Washington, and let the Republican party nominate him for Vice-President?" and here is his reply:

"General Arthur was removed because he did not efficiently, as we thought, perform his duty as Collector of the Port of New York. But no word was ever uttered by me against his character as a man or his standing as a gentleman. Well, I would not have advised his nomination, but having been nominated on the Republican ticket, I would vote for him a thousand times before I would vote for William H. English."

That is what Sherman says now. When he wished Arthur removed he said that he had not given the duties of the office the requisite diligence and attention; that gross abuses had continued and increased during his incumbency; that he paid out money for no services; that the expenses of the office had increased while the collections had diminished; that he had winked at bribes or gratuities in the nature of bribes, and that he refused to correct these abuses when importuned to do so. He said all this and more, too, and still he "never uttered a word against his character as a man or his standing as a gentleman." Do honorable gentlemen abuse a trust in such a manner? And is Arthur a fit man to be again trusted? These are questions which we hope Mr. Sherman will not fail to answer in his next speech.

They had a Governor's Ball at Grayson's Springs a few nights ago, just before it commenced our silly old Governor was called on to make a speech. Of course he was totally unprepared for such a thing but he fired away all the same and after he got through gave the reporter the whole thing written out, for publication! Among the foolish things that he said was "I feel that I now occupy the highest position of any man in the United States and if I continue to administer the duties of my office to the people of my State and myself as I have thus far done, I will be ready to be gathered to my fathers." Bless his egotistic old soul, he has listened to the flattery of a few toadies, until he really does believe that the public is satisfied with his doings. A little trip through the country would convince him of the error of his way, that is if the dog he's settled too irrationally upon him. The people are thoroughly satisfied that they committed a most egregious blunder in putting him into the executive chair simply because he was a good yellow fever doctor, and they are giving expression to their disgust on all sides.

It is charged by some that Arnold's liberty is due to the influence of the Reform Church, of which Arnold is a member. Eight of the jurors, also, claim membership in that church, and it is said that the pastor at Nicholasville has exerted himself for some time past to shape public opinion in Arnold's behalf. These are damaging charges, and, whether true or not, are calculated to injure the cause of Christ. If professed Christians are to combine themselves into a protection society for such cowardly, cold blooded murderers as Arnold was proved to be, it is high time for honest, law-loving men to shun all communication with them.

It is as Bob Ingersoll says, there is no hell, it is about time one was made. But a hell, abounding even in worse tortures than have been pictured of it, would be far too good a place for that Jesamine county jury, which turned a bloody murderer loose on unprotected society, to follow his evil bent without fear of danger or punishment!

The Superintendent of Public Instruction, Prof. Pickett, announces that the per capita for the ensuing school year is \$1.45 for white children and an increase of twenty cents over last year, and that for colored children it is fifty eight cents greater than before. This is gratifying news to the teachers, at least.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Gen. Spinner, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has declared for Hancock and English.

—Gen. Hancock and Parson Garfield are both members of Knights Templar Com-

municaries.

—The Ashland & Catlettsburg Turnpike is a paying institution. A dividend of 10 per cent has just been declared.

—Editor J. P. Murray, of the Nelson Record, is favorably mentioned as a candidate for the Senate in his District.

—The Kansas Democracy has nominated a full State ticket, with Miss Sarah A. Brown for Superintendent of Public In-

struction.

—Green Ellis, the negro who robbed and raped Mrs. Duncan, near Guthrie, Ky., was taken from the jail and hung to a tree on Thursday night last.

—Joe Grant, a son of his father, will marry the daughter of W. S. Chapman, a rich California land-holder, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, some time this month.

—Grant says he never voted for a Republican candidate for President in his life, but if God spares him, he intends to begin on the 24 of November next by voting for Garfield.

—Hon. T. R. Phelps was acquitted for the killing of Melroy, in Washington county.

—Ours, Chief of the Ute Indian Na-

tion, is dead, and it is said that his death will practically end all negotiations which have been pending for a new treaty with that Nation.

—The Capital Hotel at Frankfort has been purchased by Dr. T. L. Taylor, of Frankfort, and Nick Casey, of New Orleans, for \$25,500. The original cost of the building and lot was \$130,000.

—After being in session three days, dur-

ing which ninety-one ballots were taken, Hon. J. S. Barbour, President of the Vir-

ginia Middle R. R., was nominated for Congress in the 8th Va. District over Gen. Epps Hinton, who has held the office for eight years.

—Mr. English has told the National De-

mocratic Committee that he will not ask the Committee to send a dollar to the State. He has indicated that he will take care of Indians, with the understanding that he is not to be called upon to contribute to other States.

—The end of the track of the Southern

Pacific Railroad is now within 196 miles of El Paso, and it is the intention to reach that point on or before January 26, 1881. On the 23d inst. the party at the front had surmounted all obstacles encountered in the Dragon Mountains. The boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona will be reached in twelve days.

—It is somewhat a coincidence that Gen-

eral James Longstreet, who commanded the Confederate forces at Gettysburg, and General Hancock, who was Longstreet's chief

opponent in the same battle, should each be drawing a like salary from the same government. General Longstreet, as minister to Turkey, receives \$7,500, and Hancock, as Major-General, receives \$7,500.

—Ben Butler's speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, in favor of Hancock and English is one of the best campaign documents we have read. It shows up the Republican party fully and freely, and the General added weight to his words by saying that he would not be a candidate or aspirant for any office, elective or appointive, at this election, or under the coming administration, so that his vote will be the free will offering of patriotic duty when it shall be given to his companion-in-arms in the war for the preservation of the Union, the tried and loyal soldier and patriotic chieftain, General Hancock.

BOYER COUNTY.

—And Joe McDaniel carries concealed

weapons too! The Court found it out on Monday and \$25 and 25 days are on the back against him.

—Died, in Danville, Wednesday morn-

ing, at the home of his sister, Mrs. S. V. Rowland, Edward Lyne Shackleford, aged about 38 years. Deceased was born and reared in Madison county and was unmar-

ried. Danville has been afflicted for a week with a series of blind (?) peddlers. Doubtless some of them see but dimly, their eyes being made small to give room for cheek. One can only see by means of an artificial pupil placed in one eye by some eminent oculist.

ATTACHMENT NOTICES.—August 31st,

W. F. WALTON, Sheriff of Boyle County, in

Danville, at the residence of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, Wednesday morning, Miss Edna M. Edwards to Dr. S. O. Longridge, of Louisville, the father of the bride-elect. At the country home of Judge Sandifer, in this county, Thursday, Miss Nellie Sandifer to Prof. Henry K. Taylor, of the Kentucky Wesleyan College, at Millersburg.

—The grain elevator erected near the depot by Potts & Proctor has a stately and imposing appearance, due as much perhaps to the height of the building as to the foundation. It is of brick and in area is small. The building is of wood, very slender and reaches the height of 70 feet. It is a cylindrical structure, with a capacity of 3,000 bushels. The entire surface is to be coated with iron plates. The necessary force is supplied from the machinery of the elevator, and an arrangement is made by which the grain is raised to the top of the elevator and thence to the platform of the elevator. The elevator is an ornament to the town, a convenience to the farmers and an advantage to enterprise, and to Messrs. Potts & Proctor the community should feel unfeignedly thankful for its erection.

CASEY COUNTY.

—Rev. Mr. Fleming, of Mississippi, is

holding a protracted meeting at the Christian Church, in Danville. In the face of such a decision the very good verdict (Last in our series, a thing truly spoken) comes a hissing mockery and a ghastly lie. It is an outrage and a scandal, at which every honest eye should flash with indignation and every manly cheek tingle with shame. —[Loban Standard.]

—The impression made by this trial is that the jury was actuated to its verdict by a maudlin sentimentality rather than by the evidence produced upon the trial. There was a strong outside pressure in favor of Arnold on account of the courage and fidelity of his wife in standing by him through this terrible ordeal, but it was unworthy of Kentucky jury to yield to any such influence. The facts, as far as we have been able to glean them, all tend to show that the killing of Little was a premeditated and cold-blooded murder. —[Frankfort Yeoman.]

—Justice was outraged and law brought into contempt by the acquittal of Arnold, the murderer of Little. It required the Kentucky jury but two hours to decide upon that disgraceful verdict. Fares of this kind have brought Kentucky into disrepute and secured for it the title of "bloody ground." People who desire law and order avoid a State where assassination is tolerated, and where justice is cheated through the courts. Dredging is an emblem of civilization compared with the code that is practiced in Kentucky. When a man fights a duel he risks his own life; but the Kentucky assassin risks nothing. He shoots his victim from the dark or from behind his back, and he can always rely upon a jury that will acquit. No man who has money can be convicted of murder in Kentucky. No wonder there are family feuds and neighborhood feuds that last through generations, and that the law has no terror for assassins. —[Cincinnati Gazette.]

GARRARD COUNTY.

—The opinions here in reference to the

verdict in the Arnold case are varied.

—Taylor Burdett bought of Andy Rice a medium pair of two-year-old mules for \$120.

—Dr. Pratt, the great Baptist Divine, preached at the Baptist Church here Monday night to a full house.

—John Thompson, our jeweler, re-

ports to us that he has a good vine with 150 pounds on it, and desires competition.

—Hugh Grant, son of Dr. Grant, a few days ago had his hand very badly cut in a cutting-box, which caused the loss of one or two of his fingers. He is doing well at present.

—Our Court is progressing usually well. The only case of general interest and importance that has been up is now being tried: J. B. Aldridge, indicted for manslaughter and charged with killing Edmund Lucas, of color, during the latter part of December last. Mr. Aldridge stood his trial at the last term of the Court, and the result was a hung jury, with ten for acquittal. The Commonwealth is through

examining the witnesses, and the defense almost. It is the prevailing opinion that the testimony is not so strong against the accused as before, and a verdict acquitting him is expected. The lawyers for the prosecution are Combs's Attorney Warren, G. W. Dunlap, Robt. Lusk, for defense, W. O. Burdett, R. M. Burdett, W. D. Hopper, H. T. Seal.

—The visiting attorneys at our Court during the last few days are M. J. Durham, J. B. McFerran and Charles Rhodes, of Danville; Mr. Brownough, of Nicholasville; B. Harrison, of Lebanon; S. D. Parrish, of Richmond, and Col. W. G. Welch and W. H. Miller, of your town. We were glad to see our friend, A. J. Colvert, of Mason county last week. It will be a matter of regret to the friends of T. P. Huffman to learn that he leaves this week for Independence, Mo., where he intends permanently locating. He will go into the large clothing establishment of M. Pendleton & Bro., of that place. This is a jolly boy and an excellent clerk, and has the hope of his friends that he may do well. Miss Lida Major, a most attractive young lady from near Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her cousin, Miss Fleece Cook, of this county. Owen Rigney has returned from an extended visit to his father's, in Casey county. We are glad to report that he is almost well again. Johnny Storms is back again from a three-weeks' stay at Cumberland Falls. He has taken on considerable flesh. Reports a delightful time, but seems somewhat restless, owing, it is presumed, to the absence of a fine one, who is visiting Nicholasville. Fleece Robinson has returned from his Summer haunts — Rockcastle Springs. Mrs. Col. Walton is attending the Lexington Fair this week. Willie Owens, son of Judge Owens, has returned from Berkeley, where he has been visiting his many relatives. Miss Sarah Ormley, of Lexington, is visiting her friends and relatives here. Capt. T. A. Elkin and wife are out in very stylish cars. H. C. Kaufman and G. W. Dunlap have been to Frankfort this week on business.

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LOCAL NOTICES.

CAKE MILLS and EXPORTERS for sale by Owsley & Higgins.

CHOCOLATE and SUGAR cheaper than ever at Chemant & Penny.

LINE, CEMENT and SALT constantly on hand at Owsley & Higgins.

WATERS and JEWELRY repaired and warranted by Chemant & Penny.

But lot of Sugars and Coffees just received by Harris & Nunnally.

FULL STOCK of School Books, Slates and Pencils at McClellan & Stagg's.

HARRIS & NUNNALLY offer great bargains in Groceries and Saddlery.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Window Glass, at low prices at Chemant & Penny's.

WE GUARANTEE OUR Ready-mixed Plaster in quality and durability. McRoberts & Stagg.

PERFUMERY, Toilet Soap, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, and toilet articles of all kinds at Chemant & Penny's.

If you want to paper your rooms cheaply, the samples of wall paper at Chemant & Penny's. They are beautiful and cheap.

We have a beautiful line of the latest styles of Jewelry—very cheap. Call and see it before purchasing elsewhere. McRoberts & Stagg.

Look at the Kentucky Grain Drill. No stopping to clean out stalks, trash, and so on. It runs over every obstacle. For sale by Owsley & Higgins.

For the best harness and saddlery, at the lowest price, call on Pickens & Co. to the place to go, and we would advise our Lincoln county readers to prove the truth of this by calling on them when they go to Danville. They handle nothing but the best goods, and can guarantee satisfaction in every case.

TO WESTERN EMIGRANTS.—Having been appointed GENERAL EMIGRATION AGENT at Cincinnati for the VANDALIA LINE, for the States of MISSOURI, TEXAS, ARIZONA, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA, and the WESTERN TERRITORIES, on fully prepared to furnish, FREE OF APPLICATION, Maps, Land Circulars, giving Soil, Climate, &c. Lowest rates made on passengers, household goods or stock. Call on J. W. BENTLEY, A. K. KNIGHT, Great Emigration Agent, N. E. Cor. 4th and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. T. P. Hill left Crab Orchard Springs.

—Miss ANNE CRAB is visiting at Crab Orchard Springs.

—Miss KATE RICE, of Harrodsburg, is visiting Mrs. J. W. Bent.

—Misses MATTIE and ELLA EVANS are guests of Mrs. J. E. Farris.

—Miss L. M. BRYCE has gone to Augusta, Ga., to take charge of a literary school.

—Misses LULA B. YEAZER and HATTIE ECKHART are visiting Miss Della M. Dennis.

—Mrs. M. A. MARTIN will please accept our thanks for a basket of excellent grapes.

—Misses ADA VANDERKAM and MOLLIE DAVIS of Mercer are visiting Miss Della M. Dennis.

—Miss JESSIE KIRK left Monday for a three-week visit to friends at Louisville and Shelbyville.

—Mrs. J. McALISTER and her daughter, Mattie, of Georgetown, are guests of Mr. Dobb, McAlister.

—Miss ANN F. HAWKINS, Miss LILLIE MCKENNA and Sallie A. HAWKINS, are visiting Dr. Blain's family.

—Jas. JOHN M. BIRD, Mrs. John Bird, Mrs. W. H. Bird and Mrs. James Frazier have gone to Rockcastle Springs.

—Miss LOUISE GREY, of Mercer, has returned home from a two-week visit to her cousin, Miss Mary Greer, of this county.

—Mr. and Mrs. JOHN S. HUGHES left for Cincinnati Monday and have taken rooms at the Metropolitan House for the next six weeks.

—Miss MARY MYERS has been presented with a cane by Ed. J. W. McWhorter, who cut it during his recent visit to "the Holy Land."

—Misses BESSIE and MOLLIE W. JOHNSON, of Louisville, and Miss ANNE LEONARD, of Kirksville, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. D. Weisen.

—Mr. Geo. K. JOHNSON has accepted a situation with John Boone & Co. Louisville, and will remove his family thither in a few days. The best wishes of many friends attend them.

—Misses BESSIE, LILLIE, and MOLLIE, of Louisville, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. D. Weisen.

—Among the names of the many ladies mentioned in the C. P. report of the Shelbyville fair, we note that of Miss LILLIE B. JOHNSON, who was attended in a black velvet undershirt and lace over-dress, and carried a basket of fruit.

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Don't forget to examine our Clothing

Boys, Shoes, etc. on County Court Day.

We will leave Monday and will call at

even less than cost. Geo. H. Bruce & Co.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. H. C. Roper, one of the best cutters and fitters

ever in Stanford, has purchased Mr. O. L.

Marshall's interest in the firm of Mar-

shall & Roper, and now goes it alone.

Read his advertisement in another column

and give him a chance. He guarantees

satisfaction, or no sale.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—Yes, that is what

the Hayden Brothers say in reference to

their purchasing all the fashion novelties

as fast as they appear in the fashion cen-

ters of the country. With an eye single

to the pleasing of their customers, and

especially their many lady friends and

patrons, they use no time and spare no

means to present all the latest, most ex-

quisite and stylish in the matter of dress

goods, trimmings, etc., etc. Already they

have received and are still receiving

almost daily additions to their Fall stock

of goods.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Miss Ella Gaines, of

the Mt. Xenia neighborhood, gave a de-

light social party on Friday night last,

in honor of Miss Nannie Marie Stuart, an

attractive young lady of Winchester, who

has been her guest for several days. About

seventy-five invited guests were present.

The supper, which was prepared by Mrs.

Gaines and Mrs. J. W. Cook, was superb,

and comprised every thing calculated to

tempt the appetite of the most fastidious

epicurean. At a late hour the guests re-

luctantly departed with feelings of grati-

tude to the lovely Miss Ella, who had con-

tributed so much to the enjoyment of the

evening.

NOT FAR OFF.—Although the weather

has been intensely hot for some weeks past,

we must bear in mind that Summer is

over and gone, and we are now in the

beginning of the "early and yellow leaf."

Long the frosts will come, nipping our

fingers and toes, and those who are not

prepared to meet the frost will suffer in

the flesh. To supply all your wants for

Fall and Winter, our next door neighbors,

the Hayden Brothers, have determined to

offer the largest, finest, and most complete

stock of goods ever brought to this mar-

ket. In fact, they are even now increasing

their stock, and those who are pronounced

perfectly splendid and very cheap.

THIEF CAUGHT.—Some time ago, the

house of Capt. J. W. Weatherford, of this

county, was broken into and robbed of nu-

merous valuables. Suspicion was directed

to one Achilles Tarter, but Tarter was

nowhere to be found. It appears that he

is a fugitive here, he went to Indiana

and stole a horse, for which he was ar-

rested and lodged in jail. He subsequently

made his escape and a reward was offered

for his capture. Having noticed this in an

Indiana paper, Jailer T. D. Newland at

once surmised that Tarter had returned to

Kentucky, and accordingly laid plans for

his capture. A few days ago, he admitted

the wife of one of the white prisoners into

the jail to see her husband, and while con-

fined from their view, he heard her say

that Tarter was at her house. That night,

Mr. Newland went out and succeeded in

capturing Tarter, who is now in jail. He

is going to give Capt. Weatherford a

chance at first, so it is not likely that the

Indiana authorities will see him for some

time.

A CLEVER PREACHER.—Bro. Bobby

Cummings, the so-called Reform preacher,

has gotten himself into a nice little scrape

in his old age. He swore that he heard

Little say that he intended to kill Arnold,

but another preacher proved that he could

have heard no such thing. It happened

that day after the murder of Little, Bro.

Bobby came from Richmond to this

place. It being the all-absorbing subject,

Bro. Bobby was questioned as to what he

he knew of it. He told the circumstances

as they have been published and ex-

posed himself to the effect that it was one

of the most bloody and cruel murders he

had ever known. He further expressed an

opinion that Arnold would be taken from

the jail and hung, and he seemed to be

of the impression that it would be serving

him exactly right. Not one word did he

say about the threats, nor did he allude

to the fact that he had been in the

county jail for some time.

A BLACK BEAR, which seems to have

a particular penchant for killing dogs late

in the morning, was seen in the Mays' Gap

Knoke. He killed three dogs for one negro

and sheep raisers in the vicinity are more hope-

ful.

DOUBTFUL.—Our deputy P. M. Mr. A. A.

Warren has numerous specimens looking

bores about his face, caused, he claims, by

falling out of bed while he had a night mare.

Such a story however, wouldn't do to tell

even to the marines.

FOURTEEN MEN HUNG AT RICHMOND.—

Mr. Lindsey Stephenson hands us the fol-

lowing: "Last night the Jury, Sheriff and

jailer in the Arnold case were hung in effigy

in the Court-House yard at Richmond. There

was a rope stretched from one tree

to another and 14 men made of plank with

ropes and sawed-off planks were hung on

the ropes. The names of the jury were given

below with the possible names for jailer:

Self: Sheriff, \$1,000; jailer,

\$900; Land, \$71; Woodward, \$55; Den-

man, \$137.50; Horine, \$300; Hoover, \$5

Sparks, \$175; Hulet, \$60; Farrer, \$500; Deen,

\$75; Mosely, \$15; Knight, \$175; Stipe, one

drink."

KILLED.—James Wheeler shot and in-

stantly killed Sam Johnson at Danville

Junction on Monday. It seems that be-

fore the war Sam Johnson's father was

killed by one Owsley in a row, in which

James Wheeler was concerned. Sam was

a little boy then, but he resolved to kill

Owsley and Wheeler. The first opportunity

OUR JUVENILES.

Pinching the Mittens.

"Oh, have you seen three pairs of mittens anywhere?"
One pair was white, with blue tips,
And one was striped like tulips.
Has anybody seen three pairs
Of pretty mittens anywhere?
Where the mountain's shadow
Falls across the meadow
Has the little kitten,
Looking for their mittens,
Seen one seen three pretty pairs?

Where the rubens are.

Where the rubens are,
Down beside the river,
Search for the mittens
For their little mittens.
Mittens, darling, mittens, look for them,
For them down there in the woods?
Through the dark old forest,
Close up to the spring,
Creep they very softly
Till they find a thing.
Back into the meadow,
Fast as they could fly,
And underneath the tree
They sat down to cry.
Then a little hand
"Way up in the tree,
Sung: 'I've got the prettiest mittens,
That you did ever see."
Horse-hair, grass and feathers
Are all very well;
But what my mittens are made of,
I'll never, never tell!

Then each little kitten

Wiped one little eye,
And straight ran up the tree
To see what he could spy.
And there—oh what a happy
Surprise met his eye!
There, as they were peering,
Hang two new-white mittens:
Then the little kitten,
Swimming up the trunk,
Loudly called: "Oh, kittens,
Come down here and look!"
And the eager kittens,
Running down the tree,
Found two little mittens,
Red as they could be,
Simply tucked so snug,
From a dwelling dark,
Where a mouse had hid his nose,
Underneath the bark.
But, O closely two mittens; where
Was the little striped pair?
The kitten ran to and fro,
The kitten, they looked high and low,
And just at sunset, when one star
Peeped out behind a crimson bar,
Of dark, they found the pretty pair
Had underneath the sturdy bark
Of a hairy, fat asleep.
In the meadow grass so deep.

How Tommy Tingle Run Away.

"Come, Tommy, I want you to rock the cradle." Of course Tommy Tingle did not hear his mother's call, for he did not move.
"Tommy, do you hear me? I want you to rock the baby to sleep." Some evil spirit passed by at that moment and left ugly marks on Tommy Tingle's face.
"Yes, I hear," he drawled.
"Well, come at once. Baby is crying and I must finish this work before supper."
Another evil spirit came along, and I think he must have been "Half-Hot," Pudding-Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land, for as Tommy turned into the house he knew some thing about him which ought to be read and quick was getting into a fearfully cruel condition. Here that "something" did boil and bubble and rage and dash and roar about just like an angry little bear about it has fallen over a great rock.

Just as Tommy touched the cradle

the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land made another wild dash into the something, and in an instant it well, it "slipped over."
"I don't see why a fellow can't be let alone. Don't want to be rocking the babies and doing things all the time." Another turn by the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer, and then another "slip over."
"I won't stand it! I'll run away! I've had enough of rocking babies, and bringing in wood and coal, and doing things, and I'll go away from them!"
And so the Chief Hasty Pudding Stirrer to the Great King of Badman's Land continued to stir the "something" in Tommy Tingle, and the "something" continued to "slip over" until there was a pretty mess of it.

At last the baby was fast asleep,

and Tommy Tingle grabbed his last and ran away. He rushed down the street like a wind-sprite, taking no notice of anything or anybody, until suddenly he found himself in a crowd gathered about the Opera House.
"Hello! What's this?"
"See that rope stretched across the street?" said a street urchin at Tommy's elbow.
"Yes," replied Tommy.
"Well, the man that shows trained birds in the Opera House to-night's going to give us a free show here in a minute." "Going to walk the rope?" asked Tommy.
"No, sir. Big bird going to wheel little bird across the street on that rope, in that little cart you see up there. There's the beauty."

Up from the crowd a long pole

appeared, on which a little bird was raised to a perch that was underneath and attached to the "cart." Down went the pole, and soon it was seen again bearing a large bird, which stopped clumsily from the pole to the rope. Taking a step or two, the large bird stretched its neck and, taking hold of the "cart" with its beak, proceeded to push the tiny vehicle across the street on the rope-track. Half way across, and the bird-coachman seemed to lose his temper. Surely something did not go smoothly, for the bird made a queer noise—a bird's way of "slopping over," perhaps—the cart tipped, and then was seen dangling from the rope wrong side up. Up came the pole again and took everything back to the starting-point, and the second trial was successful. The crowd moved forward, and in a few moments Tommy found himself at the gate of his own home.

"Why, see here, Tommy Tingle!"

said he to himself, "what are you here for? You've run away. Forget all about it, think of that bird-show. Guess I'll wait now until tomorrow. It's not night, and I haven't time to find a place to stay, anyway."
A few hours later Tommy Tingle was in a dreamland. He was running away. He did not know where he was going, or how he would get there; nor did he care much, if he could only find a place

where boys are not asked to rock babies, or to bring in wood and coal, or to "do things." Away he went, as fast as he could run, and the next thing he really did know he was being dragged through a crowd by a man who carried a long pole, and a moment later he was caught on the pole at the collar of his coat and raised to a rope that was stretched across the street. There he stood on the rope, leaning against the building.

"Hello! it's you, is it?" The voice came from a sort of bow-barrow that rested on the rope before him, and peering into his face were the sunny eyes of a street urchin.

"Do you know what you're up here for?" asked the urchin.

"No, I don't," said Tommy.

"You've got to wheel us across the street."

"Oh, I never can do it! I can't walk a rope."

"You've got to. Old Poly's your master now."

"Start, youngster!" came from the man with the pole.

"O sir, I can't do it!" sobbed Tommy.

"Yes, you can do it. Start, I say."

And Tommy started. He walked a few feet, and then the crowd yelled and hooted, the band played. When Johnny Comes Marching Home, and Tommy's tears blinded him so that he missed his footing, and there he lay wide awake in his warm bed at home.

"I'm glad I'm here. I guess I've run away enough."

And Tommy Tingle turned over for another nap.

HISTORY.

The San Francisco Vigilance Committee.

At the time of the organization of the "Committee of Safety" of '56, San Francisco was in a desperate condition. The worst elements of society had possession of the Government, and respectability was at a discount. Taxes were \$4.84 on the \$100, with an ever-increasing and alarming indebtedness. Elections began after the polls were closed. The Judges of the courts were elected by the people, and the candidates who put out the most money were returned as elected. There was no remedy but revolution.

James King, banker, had commenced the publication of the Evening Bulletin, devoted to reform. Clear-headed, brave even to rashness, he did not hesitate to speak of things as they deserved, and his paper at once leaped into popularity and success. Having an ample field, he exposed corruption wherever he found it. The Government of the city was a dual one—that is, there was a city Board of Aldermen and a Council, and also a county Board of Supervisors, for the city embraced the entire county. This form of government was originated for the purpose of doubling the offices, so that "the boys" could have good pickings.

An election had just been held. James Casey was Inspector of Elections in district No. 6 in the city. "Kinks" Sullivan was Inspector of Elections in district No. 12, outside the city proper. Not being able to read and write, Sullivan, after the polls were closed, sought the assistance of Casey in making up the ballot-box, remarked: "There has been some big cheating here, and, tossing the ballots upon the floor, deliberately proceeded to make his returns to suit himself, returning himself elected as Supervisor from the Twelfth district, when there had been no ballots cast for him, and he was serving as Inspector in the Sixth district. In commenting upon the fact, the editor of the Bulletin took occasion to speak of Casey's election in New York, of a criminal offense, Casey, Ned McGowan and two others shook dice to see who should shoot Mr. King. The lot fell to Casey. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, Casey met King, and with a navy revolver in his hand, advanced and fired. King was fatally wounded, and Casey was glad to find refuge in the jail, under charge of his friend, Sheriff Scamwell. The city was in commotion. In the evening, the excitement had subsided to that calm which precedes a storm. The citizens quietly entered a door of a warehouse, registered their names and retired. When they registered they were given their number, which they were to join to remember. Before midnight 600 had registered. The next evening they were called to meet in Turner Hall, where they were told that each 100 would constitute a company or division. From No. 1 to No. 100 would be known as the first division. From No. 101 to No. 200 would be known as the second division, etc. Places of meeting for the respective divisions were appointed, and they were ordered to elect a Captain and Lieutenants. They were afterward organized as regiments, etc. The organization was simple and easy, and proved very effective. Casey, who had shot and killed United States Marshal Richardson, was confined in jail with Casey. It was Sunday morning—a bright, sunny day. The alarm bell sounded. "Vigilantes" hurried to the rendezvous. Four detachments, numbering 6,000 men in all, took up the line of march, and surrounded the jail. The Sheriff held a short parley with the President of the committee, and surrendered the prisoners, who were removed to the quarters of the committee. They were tried by the Executive Committee, which consisted of twenty-six members. For sentence of death there was a bare majority. Consisting of three representatives from each division of 100 men, a board which, in the aggregate, numbered over 200 men, who, by a majority vote, had to ratify or annul the sentence of the Executive Committee. Prisoners were allowed counsel, and all witnesses whom they desired were summoned. It was not a lynch law. A man had a fairer show for his life than before an average jury of twelve men, but there was no appeal. Casey and King were hanged. "Billy Mulligan," "Dutch Changel," and many others (the names of some of whom it would astonish many readers to hear), were shipped out of the country. Casey and Richardson were also hanged. In about four months, after

the atmosphere had been cleared, the committee made a grand parade, stacked their muskets, and turned the government over to the civil authorities. At the next election the people's candidates were elected. The first year the taxes were reduced to \$2.25 on \$100, 95 cents of which went for the support of the public schools, leaving \$1.30, which paid all current expenses of the government, and provided a sinking fund for the gradual liquidation of the enormous indebtedness already accumulated. For ten years after that San Francisco was the best and most economically governed city in the country. Perhaps this bit of history may be a warning to Communists, wherever they are to be found.

REMEMBER.

In his "Records of Fifty Years," in the New York Tribune, Mr. C. T. Congdon writes interestingly of Webster, who died in October, 1852: "People said," says Mr. Congdon, "that the nomination of Gen. Scott killed him; they forgot his 70 years, his liberal method of life, and the energy which he put not only into his works, but his amusements. Mr. Congdon adds: 'There was a time when the Defender of the Constitution might have sent a withering sneer from his dying pillow at our desperate antics; but the self-sufficiency, the arrogance and the dictation which had in it a flavor of despotism, were all gone then. There was nothing for the great man to do now but to die. That the nomination made by the Baltimore Convention grievously disappointed him is certain. A friend who happened to be in his house when the news of Gen. Scott's candidacy reached there, told me that Mr. Webster spoke patriotically but with perfect frankness of the pain which the decision of the convention would give to Mr. Webster. And, after all, it was as well that he should die soon; there was no Presidency for him; through all his life he had never had a chance of it. Indeed, there was now no remaining public career for him. It was a pain to hear some men speak of him even in Boston; and, after he was dead, they told old stories of which sick-chamber was the scene. They said that he had taken a formal farewell of his blooded stock; that his whole herd had been driven slowly by the door at his death; that he received his dying benediction; and that, solemnly waving his hand, as he distinguished one favorite animal, he had exclaimed in weak, pathetic but still semi-soliloquy tones, 'Molly Mottle, farewell!' There were other stories, whether ill or well founded, of actual personal exigency at the Marshfield farm-house—stories which reminded one of the dying days of Sheridan, though, of course, there was nothing like the absolute pinch which put the 'last blanket' of the wit in danger of attachment. It is true, however, that the man who had received enormous sums of money for professional and other services left no money behind him. He would have had his revenge, if he could have lived just a little longer, to read the election returns, and to find Gen. Scott receiving the votes of only four States. Mr. Webster himself would hardly have done so badly as that."

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

SALAMANA has a dog that will take a nickel from the hand, carry it in its mouth to a favorite bar-room, stand on its hind legs, deposit the money on the counter, and get a glass of beer.

A BEE-DINKING HORSE is one of the curiosities in Toronto. One day he would not pass a bar-room, but bolted in, his rider being unable to hold him. Horse and rider emptied a bucket of beer and departed.

A HOOK-AND-LADDER COMPANY in Philadelphia has a horse named Peter. He answers by signs all questions put to him, tells his age by pawing on the ground, and shows many clever tricks. He also chews tobacco and drinks beer.

PINCHEA, a dog, was lost just after a traveling party left Leipzig. Ten days after the party reached Berlin the dog appeared, ragged and gaunt. The distance from Leipzig to Berlin is about 100 miles. The dog had never been over the road.

H. MILLS, of Binghamton, N. Y., lost a valuable piece of wire last spring. The wire recently blew down the limb of a tree in his yard, and an oriole's nest was found suspended to it by the wire. It was wrapped round and round the limb as though a man had done it.

TWO BULL-DOGS wandered, two years ago, from the ranch of Bratt & Co., Nebraska, and joined a pack of roving wolves. They never returned, and now a species of dog-wolf, infesting that section, are more dreaded than the common prairie wolf, being more "old and savage."

A MAINE farmer purchased a tricky horse, and, thinking he could cure him, he loaded his wagon with produce and put the animal with another before the vehicle and started. On a bridge over a brook the horse swung to the left, backed viciously and plunged wagon, farmer, and load into the stream.

SAVED by her pet dogs, is the experience of Miss Priscilla Harrison, of San Francisco. She went out for a walk and for eight days was not seen. When found she was far up in a mountain, and the party was attracted by the barking of two dogs that had accompanied her. The dogs saved her life by keeping her warm at night—once sleeping on her feet, the other by her side.

WHILE boating on the Wakulla spring, Florida, a lady dropped a ring from her finger, and it could be seen sinking in the clear water. When near the bottom a trout was seen to dart for it, swallow it, and disappear. An ingenious fellow heaved another ring, fastened it to a hook and fished for the trout. After paying out ninety feet of line he was successful, the trout was hauled to the surface, and the ring taken out.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

"Is it true, Harry, that you've broken off with Harkaway's daughter?" "Alas, yes; I was forced to, although she is a charming woman." "Why?" "Incompatibility of complexion. She does not suit my furniture."

WE cannot control the evil tongues of

others, but a good life enables us to spare.

TON OCHILTREE, OF TEXAS.

Persons traveling in the South after the close of the Rebellion could see on the telegraph posts on every route leading into New Orleans and in all public thoroughfares large signs—"Buy your shirts of Moody's."—"Go to Moody's to get your shirts," etc., etc.

One afternoon a stranger entered the shirt store, and addressed Mr. Moody:

"I have come for my shirts."

"Have you purchased shirts of us?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, you wish to purchase?"

"No, sir. This morning I put on the bed at the hotel some shirts to be washed, and when I went to my room after dinner, in place of my shirts I found this notice on my bed: (producing a placard, "Go to Moody's, and get your shirts"), and so I have come for them."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Tom Ochiltree, of Texas," and, after asking his size and his room at the hotel, Mr. Moody said:

"Very well, Mr. Ochiltree, you will find your shirts at your room, and at once dispatched a dozen of his best shirts to carry out the joke.

As the "joke" found its way into the city papers, and was copied into all the provincial papers as a good joke on "T. O.," perhaps Moody got value received in the way of advertising; and T. O. enjoyed the free shirts.

KITE-FLYING EXTRAORDINARY.

Kite-flying is an expensive recreation in Bodie. A saloon-keeper of that mining center recently made a kite of a \$500 plate glass, 6'x10' bar-room mirror, flying it to a string of denunciations and brown jugs for a ball. The novel kite went up with a rush, and, reflecting the rays of the sun, dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it. Its focus extended as far as Mammoth, where a hay-stack was set on fire by concentration of the sun's rays. The inhabitants of the latter place were greatly alarmed at the singular object in the heavens, one correspondent having compared it to "a ball of condensed lightning." Unfortunately the saloon-keeper's stock of jugs and denunciations was not large enough to supply the necessary counterpoise to the heavy mirror, and, after ascending to a great height, with amazing rapidity, it suddenly turned and fell with a crash to the earth, breaking it into a thousand fragments. The whistling of the wind in the jugs and denunciations made a peculiar sort of music, the stone jugs supplying the bass and the glass denunciations the treble. It happened that they were all in accord, and a fine harmony was the result.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

INVOLUBLE.

A friend's secret is ever his property, even when confided to another. The confidant should look it up, even from his own thoughts. He should not be content with refraining from betraying it to others, he should also refrain from betraying it to himself. If a man conceals a secret containing treasure to the care of another, he will justly feel that his confidence has been to a degree violated if he comes to know that the latter has been in the habit of unlocking the casket and poring over its contents day after day as if it were his own, and that, too, in an exposed position. So with the secret. Though confided to a friend, it still belongs to him by whom it was confided, who has his own reasons for performing this act of friendship; and to have it continually before the mind is not only making, in one sense, another's property one's own, but it is exposed to the danger of escaping at an unguarded moment in one form or another, sufficiently at least to give grounds to surmises which may closely bear upon the truth.

TSING SLAM, a Chinaman, and Persimmons, an Indian, played poker at Nevada, Cal. Persimmons had three things dealt to him: "Ugh, him had, Gih me one, two, three, four," remarked the Indian, complacently. Tsing Slam proved to be the last king in the deck. Persimmons led his opponent on warily, and pretty soon they had \$30 apiece on the board. "Me call 'em," murmured the red man, as he got to the bottom of his wallet. It was the old story of misplaced confidence. The Chinaman held four aces. "You heap chagum," yelled the Digger, making a lunge with a knife, cutting off the Chinaman's queue. That infuriated Tsing Slam, and he killed the Indian with a pistol.

THE British Medical Journal says

that garlic has always had a great reputation among anti-hydrophobia remedies, and is found as a principal ingredient in a large number of formulae long kept secret. A young man bitten by a mad dog was shut up in a loft. In his delirium he seized upon some bundles of dried garlic, ate greedily of it, fell into a deep sleep, and awoke calm and cured.

As asylum for aged domestic animals

has just been opened at Grosse Pointe, France. There are already assembled a cow 36 years of age, a hog aged 25, and an 18-year-old goat. The senior member of this happy family, however, is a male 40 years of age.

AMERICAN journalism is rich in names.

For instance, there is the Fairplay (Col.) Plume, the Dakota Blizzard, the Solid Muldoon, of Orono, Cal., the Tombstone Epitaph, of Nevada, the Simpleton, of Texas, and the Basso, of Missouri.

This Herford herd of cattle is attracting

much attention at the West, and numerous sales have been made of late from some of the finest herds in Illinois and other States. They seem well adapted for the use of the great stock-raisers of Colorado and Texas.

A RUSSIAN inventor and engineer

claims to have found a substitute for the wheel and screw of steamers; the motion is to be transmitted through compressible blades.

AN epicure requested his landlord

to get him a spare-rib. The inn-keeper declared he had none but a crooked rib, which he should be glad enough to spare.

MARKETS.

STANFORD.
The market prices for provisions, etc., are as follows:
Rice, 100 lbs. \$1.25
Rice, 50 lbs. \$1.00
Rice, 25 lbs. \$1.00
Rice, 10 lbs. \$1.00
Rice, 5 lbs. \$1.00
Rice, 2 lbs. \$1.00
Rice, 1 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/8 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/16 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/32 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/64 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/128 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/256 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/512 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1024 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2048 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4096 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/8192 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/16384 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/32768 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/65536 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/131072 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/262144 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/524288 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1048576 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2097152 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4194304 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/8388608 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/16777216 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/33554432 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/67108864 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/134217728 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/268435456 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/536870912 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1073741824 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2147483648 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4294967296 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/8589934592 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/17179869184 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/34359738368 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/68719476736 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/137438953472 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/274877906944 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/549755813888 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1099511627776 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2199023255552 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4398046511104 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/8796093022208 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/17592186044416 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/35184372088832 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/70368744177664 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/140737488355328 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/281474976710656 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/562949953421312 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1125899906842624 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2251799813685248 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4503599627370496 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/9007199254740992 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/18014398509481984 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/36028797018963968 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/72057594037927936 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/144115188075855872 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/288230376151711744 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/576460752303423488 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1152921504606846976 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2305843009213693952 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4611686018427387904 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/9223372036854775808 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/18446744073709551616 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/36893488147419103232 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/73786976294838206464 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/147573952589676412928 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/295147905179352825856 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/590295810358705651712 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1180591620717411303424 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2361183241434822606848 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4722366482869645213696 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/9444732965739290427392 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/18889465931478580854784 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/37778931862957161709568 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/75557863725914323419136 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/151115727451828646838272 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/302231454903657293676544 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/604462909807314587353088 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1208925819614629174706176 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2417851639229258349412352 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4835703278458516698824704 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/9671406556917033397649408 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/19342813113834066795298816 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/38685626227668133590597632 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/77371252455336267181195264 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/154742504910672534362390528 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/309485009821345068724781056 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/618970019642690137449562112 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1237940039285380274899124224 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2475880078570760549798248448 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/4951760157141521099596496896 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/9903520314283042199192993792 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/19807040628566084398385987584 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/39614081257132168796771975168 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/79228162514264337593543950336 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/158456325028528675187087900672 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/316912650057057350374175801344 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/633825300114114700748351602688 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1267650600228229401496703205376 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2535301200456458802993406410752 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/5070602400912917605986812821504 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/10141204801825835211973625643008 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/20282409603651670423947251286016 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/40564819207303340847894502572032 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/81129638414606681695789005144064 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/162259276829213363391578010288128 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/324518553658426726783156020576256 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/649037107316853453566312041152512 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/1298074214633706907132624082305024 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/2596148429267413814265248164610048 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/5192296858534827628530496329220096 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/10384593717069655257060992658440192 lb. \$1.00
Rice, 1/207691